TOM HUSTON'S TRANSFORMATION

MARGARET B. LOVE

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TOM HUSTON'S TRANSFORMATION

BY

MARGARET B. LOVE

(SECOND EDITION)

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MARGARET B. LOVE.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.

Mrs. Margaret B. Love, the author of this book, was born near Savannah, Ohio.

She received the rudiments of her education in country schools, and took the academic course in the Savannah Academy.

For a few years Mrs. Love taught in the schools of Ashland County. She loved her work and was a very enthusiastic teacher, able at all times to inspire her pupils with a taste for learning.

Finding that a higher education was needed to successfully carry on the work of the school-room she entered Westminster College and was graduated from that institution in the class of '85.

In the summer of '88 she was married to Rev. R. J. Love, Ph.D., and went with her husband into the Home Mission field.

Dr. Love was located at Lebanon, Missouri. Into this work Mrs. Love carried the same zest and determination she had used with such power in her school-room.

In the spring of '90 she and her husband were elected to positions at Knoxville College, Tenn.

After holding her position for three years Mrs. Love resigned and during the last seven years she has given part of her time to literary work.

She is the college correspondent for the Christian Union Herald, published by the United Presbyterian Board of Publication at Pittsburgh, Pa. She has written a number of stories.

She loves young people and sympathizes with them as she did when a girl.

THE PUBLISHERS.

Tom Huston's Transformation.

Tom Huston's Transformation.

"Tom Huston! Where did you come from? My, but I am glad to see you, old fellow."

The person thus addressed was a tall, handsome man who had come to make a business call on Mr. Edward Hamilton, one of the leading dry goods merchants of Chester.

In reply to Mr. Hamilton's question Tom said: "I came from New York. I represent one of the wholesale houses in that city. I am here to show you some samples of our goods, and hope you will give me a good order."

"Let business rest awhile. Come into the private office, and let us talk over college days," replied Mr. Hamilton.

"I wish I could, Ed," answered Tom. "But I must make two more calls this evening before 6 o'clock. That is the time my train is to start."

In reply to this remark Mr. Hamilton said: "Now look here, Tom, is that just your own arrangement, or must you go at that time to keep your word with some person or firm? Answer me that ques-

tion before we proceed any further."

"Well, you are a regular business fellow," replied Tom. "After 6 o'clock this evening my time is my own for two weeks. I am going to the seashore to spend a lot of my hard-earned money on the giddy girls who collect there every summer," responded Tom.

Mr. Hamilton, in answer to this

last remark, said: "Tom, be careful what you say about girls and women. I am a married man, and my wife is the grandest woman on earth. For her sake I have a profound respect for womankind, and never allow any one to speak disrespectfully of the sex in my presence."

"I tell you, Ed," replied Tom, "you need not say anything to me

about women. They are a heartless set, and all they care for is money. If a man does not have hundreds of dollars to spend on them, he does not have any showing. And when his money is gone they are gone, too. If it had not been for a woman, I might have been a leading lawyer to-day. As it is I am a wanderer and nothing but a drummer. But let us get to

business, Ed. This is a subject I do not enjoy discussing It brings up the past. And that is too sad for me to recall even for one moment."

To this Mr. Hamilton replied: "Tom, I am not going to discuss business with you this afternoon. Let us go and make those other calls you had planned. Then you are going out with me to spend the

night. I want you to meet my wife and visit in my home. You promised me when we parted at college that you would come and visit me when I got into my own home. You have never had the opportunity of keeping that promise until to-day. Now I am going to hold you to your word."

Tom looked at Ed for an instant to see if his old friend was in

earnest, then said: "Well, Ed, I always had to mind you in college. I often think it would have been better for me if I had remembered some of your advice. I do have a consuming curiosity to see a perfect woman, and to visit in your home. Put on your hat and come with me."

Mr. Hamilton got his hat and in company with his old college

friend walked out of the store and boarded a car. When they returned a handsome two-seated carriage was standing in front of the building. Mr. Hamilton said to the driver: "Well, you are on time, Jim." Turning to Mr. Huston he said, "At which hotel did you stop?"

Tom gave the name of his hotel. Mr. Hamilton then turned to the

driver and gave some directions. After giving Jim the necessary orders, Mr. Hamilton said: "Tom, get into the carriage and Jim will be at your service as long as you need him."

In about half an hour they returned to the store. Mr. Hamilton came out of the building and got into the seat beside Tom.

As the merchant settled himself

among the comfortable cushions of the carriage he reached out his hand and placing it upon the knee of his companion said: "Well, Tom, it does seem like a dream to have you here. Often as I have driven home I have thought of you and wondered where you were."

In a very little while the driver stopped his team in front of a neat cottage, placed somewhat back

from the street, surrounded by a carpet of green grass and shaded by handsome maple trees.

By this time all the business expression had faded from Mr. Hamilton's face, and his whole countenance glowed as he said: "Now, Tom, this is my little home." Springing out of the carriage, he led the way into the house.

As the two men came up on the

veranda, a bright, happy little woman made her appearance in the hall. Ed stepped inside the door, threw one arm around her, and kissed the sweet lips. Then with his arm still encircling her waist, said : " Kitty, you have often heard me speak of Tom Huston. This is he."

The little woman with love and happiness beaming from her eyes,

looked up at the tall, manly form of her husband's friend, and extending her hand said : "Mr. Huston, I am so glad to see you and welcome you to our home."

The hats and baggage were left on the rack in the hall, and Mrs. Hamilton and both men stepped into the parlor. Something about this cozy room impressed Tom. He did not know what it was. A

sweet air of welcome seemed to pervade the whole apartment. There was not an expensive article among the furnishings. But Tom had a different feeling and a sense of real restfulness which he never had experienced in any other parlor.

In a few moments after they were seated the voices of children were heard in the other part of the

house. Mrs. Hamilton arose, saying: "I must go and see the children before they come into the parlor. They have been out playing."

"No, mamma," said Mr. Hamilton, "let them come in as we do other evenings. We are not going to make company of Tom."

Just then two merry boys appeared at the door. They never

saw Tom, but both in one voice called out "Oh, papa," and with a bound made for his chair. A little golden-haired tot of a girl about three years old came in after the boys, but claimed a place on papa's knee.

All three talked at once and kissed papa a number of times. At length Mr. Hamilton said: "Children, stop one moment,

please. Did you know a very dear friend was in the room? Well, there is, and we are making a wonderful noise. Let us stop and see him."

In an instant there was perfect silence.

Mr. Hamilton then arose and introduced each child. There was not one moment of hesitation, or holding back. Each shook hands

with Mr. Huston and said, "I am glad to meet you."

After all had chatted a few moments, Mrs. Hamilton said: "Ed, you had better take Mr. Huston up to the spare room and let him wash."

Both men started upstairs, while mamma and the children went out to the sitting room. In a short time the silvery tones of a little

bell sounded through the house. In obedience to its call the gentlemen descended the stairs, and Mr. Hamilton led the way to the dining room door.

The same air of welcome was felt in this apartment as in all the others in this home.

The table was tastefully arranged. A snow-white tablecloth, china and silver made a very attractive ap-

pearance. Tom had seen tables with all this on them, yet there was a difference some place. What was it ?

Each child was standing quietly at his own chair, hands and face faultless, and every hair was in order. Mrs. Hamilton stood near her own chair. As her husband and his guest entered the room she turned, and with such a sweet tone

of welcome in her voice and manner, said: "Mr. Huston, take this place," At the same time laying her hand on the back of a vacant chair. Mr. Hamilton stepped to the other side of the table and lifted little Rena into her place. Then all sat down.

While they were being served the older people did the talking and the little folks quietly listened, each

face beaming because he knew it would soon come his turn to relate some news to papa.

Presently Mr. Hamilton said to the oldest child: "Well, Henry, how did you spend the day? Have you been happy?"

"Indeed we had a good time, papa," replied the boy. "But we had the most fun this afternoon. Milton Hendricks came for mamma

just after lunch. She was not quite ready, and he asked her to let us children take a ride with him in his new buggy. Mamma let us all go. Milton drove away out on the avenue along the river, then round by the college, and down home."

While Henry was talking little Rena anxiously waited to tell something to papa. But she only gently

patted his coat sleeve, smiled her wish, and looked it from her large blue eyes. As soon as Henry had finished his story Mr. Hamilton turned to the child and said: "What has Rena to tell papa?"

In her own artless way she explained how Milton had let her do the driving, concluding her little speech with this remark:

"He held the lines in his own

hands, but mine were nearest the horse."

After Rena's little story was ended Mr. Hamilton said to his second boy, "And what did you have to do, Bayard?"

"I just enjoyed it all, papa," answered the child. "I was so happy to think dear mamma was going to have such a nice ride. When Milton brought us home she was

standing at the front gate. She had on her new—what kind of a dress, mamma?"

"Dimity, dear," replied mamma.

"Yes, her new dimity dress, and her light hat. She did look so nice. When she and Milton drove away, we children cheered mamma, she looked so sweet."

With a merry twinkle in his eyes as he glanced across the table at

his blushing wife, Mr. Hamilton said: "Milton is a fine fellow to be so good to mamma and you children when papa has to spend all day at the store. I think you will have to give Milton a kiss the first time you have the opportunity."

"By the way, Tom," said Mr. Hamilton, "that is the greatest honor Bayard can confer on any of his friends."

During all this conversation Tom seemed like one in a dream. He would look at Mr. Hamilton and then at Mrs. Hamilton. Evidently he did not understand them at all.

Mr. Hamilton helped the little folks to a dish they all liked, then said to Mrs. Hamilton: "Well, my dear, how did you get along with the work at the church?"

"Just lovely," replied his wife.

"I tell you there is fine material in our classes. We had most of the decorating done when the older ones came. Milton and I were at the greenhouse twice. Mr. Marshall gave us a number of plants and had them sent to the church. The platform looks handsome. And the performers all do so well. I heard them rehearse this afternoon. You know Amelia cannot

be away from the college in day-time. My, but she is a grand drill-master.

"By the way, I had another ride. Milton and I just flew around over the city. Amelia sent me word that Mrs. Heltman would let us have her great-grandmother's dress, which was once worn at some grand reception given to the queen. Amelia wanted this for one of the

characters in the tableau. Amelia asked me to go and get the dress. Milton and I drove up to the grand house. Mrs. Heltman did not know me, but I gave her Amelia's note, and the old lady got her fine robe and gave it into my care. From the way in which she treated me I feel sure she thought I was some sweet sixteen Amelia had sent for the dress."

Mr. Hamilton laughingly replied: "You are better than any sweet sixteen in the city, Kitty. I am so glad everything went off nicely. I feared you would have to work so hard. But you are the best woman to find pleasure in everything."

"Tom," he said, addressing his guest, "you are here just in time to see some of the best people in the

world. We have an entertainment and social in our church to-night. I am glad you will see so many of our friends while you do stay with us."

"I fear you will find me a very dull companion at a church social," replied Tom. "I have not been at such a place for years."

As Tom said this the sad, pained expression which Ed had seen in

his face at the store when he spoke of the past returned, and seemed to hurt him.

Here Mr. Hamilton immediately changed the subject of conversation, and nothing more was said about the social. Soon after dinner was over a number called to consult Mrs. Hamilton about various matters in connection with the entertainment.

So heartily did these good people enter into the preparations for the exercises at the church that Tom soon found he was really interested and wishing for the time to come when he could enjoy them.

As Mrs. Hamilton was chairman of a very important committee, she left home early in the evening in order to see if everything was in good shape. At a later hour Mr.

Hamilton and Tom started for the church.

The little folks had their usual evening romp with papa after dinner. Then they were left in the care of a dear old lady who lived in the next house to Mr. Hamilton's. She came over and stayed with the children until the parents would return.

The entertainment was a success

in every respect. After this came the social and the supper.

Soon after the close of the literary programme Mr. Hamilton was surrounded by a bevy of girls aged from twelve to fourteen. He introduced each one to Mr. Huston. They all opened their hearts at once and made Tom one of their number, and in a few moments both men were having a merry

time with the girls, and were being shown around in the best of style.

After spending awhile with these sweet, innocent girls, Mr. Hamilton called the whole company around him and said: "Girls, it is very delightful to be with you, but I want to introduce my friend to others who are here to-night. I see many people in the church who are lonely. You can make them feel

very happy. So I am going to send you all out on this mission."

In a few moments the girls were scattered in groups of two or three, talking pleasantly to the older people, or showing a timid child how to play some merry game.

As soon as the men were alone, Mr. Hamilton said: "Let us go to the supper room and see if we are needed there."

Mrs. Hamilton was standing near the door and saw the two men as they entered the room. She came toward them with such a sweet smile on her lips, Mr. Hamilton asked: "How are things getting along?"

"Beautifully," replied his wife. "Every committee is on duty and the work is progressing so well."

Turning to Tom, she said:

"Mr. Huston, there are a number of very dear friends of ours in these rooms. I fear if you do not see these people while at work you will not have another opportunity. Come with me. I know where each one is stationed."

Both men gladly followed the happy-faced little woman. Every now and then a halt was made.

Some one was called from the post of duty. A warm hand-grasp, a hearty "Glad to meet you." "Any friend of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton is our friend also," and various expressions of welcome made Tom feel as though he was among old friends.

As the three stood for a moment viewing the busy scene, Mr. Hamilton said: "What work did you

give Amelia? I hope she does not have to stand all evening."

"No, indeed, my dear, I planned that. She is sitting out in the ante-room, and sells tickets. Let us go and see her. She may be lonely."

Saying this Mrs. Hamilton led the way to the room through which those must pass who wished supper. Just inside the door a woman was sitting behind a table. She im-

pressed one as a person of strong character. There was such a noble, true expression in her face, and an air of business pervaded her whole being.

As soon as Mrs. Hamilton and her companions appeared, a joyful smile lighted up the woman's face.

As Mrs. Hamilton walked up to the table behind which her friend was sitting, she said: "Are you

kept very busy, or are you lonely? I hope you can give us a few moments, as we want you to meet a dear friend of ours." She then in a very cordial manner introduced Tom, and all entered into a free, merry conversation, showing that this woman was on very intimate terms with Ed and his wife. For a few moments the conversation was general.

During a lull in the merriment Mrs. Hamilton said: "I must go. I know I am needed in the dining room. Amelia, this affair has cheated you out of your Friday evening rest. But you must make it up to-morrow. Remember we shall expect the pleasure of Miss Adams' company home with us this evening."

Amelia objected to this arrange-

ment, but Mrs. Hamilton said she could not hear that kind of talk, and replied, "It is all settled." And with a merry laugh and a shake of her forefinger at Amelia she left the room.

A number came in just then to buy tickets. Mr. Hamilton and Tom stepped out into the large audience room in which the people were having a merry time talking

and amusing themselves in various ways.

For a moment both men stood and viewed the scene.

"Notwithstanding all the merriment, I see a number of lonely ones in the audience," remarked Mr. Hamilton.

"Yes," Tom replied. "How many lonely ones there are in the world. I am one of the lonely

ones, Ed. Let us take a short walk. I want to have a talk with you alone. I feel some way that you can help me."

"Very well, Tom," replied Mr. Hamilton agreeably. "I shall get our hats."

In a moment he returned, and the two men passed out at a side door and strolled off down the street.

Tom opened the conversation by saying:

"Ed, you and your wife are perfect conundrums to me. I have been making a study of you ever since I came into your home, and you both become more of a mystery every moment. I wish you would explain yourself."

"In what respect, Tom?" asked Mr. Hamilton. "Point out an ex-

ample of our mysterious conduct, and I shall do my best to make you understand us."

"Now, for instance," said Tom, "how can you have that Mr. Hendricks escorting your wife around as he has done to-day? It seems to me if I were in your place I would settle him once for all."

Mr. Hamilton replied, "No, Tom; you would not settle that young

man if you knew his history. He is one of the lonely ones. We have taken him under our care and for six years he has been like one of our own family. Mrs. Hamilton and myself were teachers for a number of years. We both know what it is to depend on the public for sympathy. Ever since we were married we have shared our home with some lonely one. Milton

Hendricks was the first who needed us. He will finish college this year. Then he will enter some profession. He is a grand, good fellow. We are very proud of our oldest boy, as we call him."

"My, but I do envy the boy," replied Tom. "I never had a home. My mother died when I was two years old. Then I was put under the care of a maiden aunt who just

hated boys. My only idea of home is a place to eat and sleep, with a scolding every time I entered the house. It is so different in your home. You seem to have such a deep interest in each other. I wish I could enjoy a taste of home love just a few days. I know you love me, Ed. I wonder if Mrs. Hamilton has room enough in her heart for such a great big boy?"

"Indeed she has," answered Mr. Hamilton. Her heart is large enough to take in the whole world. Do stay, Tom. We shall be so glad to have you with us. By the way, that Miss Adams whom you met just as we left the church is one of our adopted children. She is a teacher at the college. She has no home. Mrs. Hamilton met her, and as both were old teachers, each

had a great deal of sympathy for the other. We have her come down and spend Friday evening with us, and take a good rest Saturday morning.

"She is a really grand good lady, and it is a real pleasure to have her in our home. But tell me about yourself, Tom. You seem to have had such a sad life since we parted. You spoke of a woman

ruining all your hopes for the future."

"I do not like to go back over my history, but for your sake, Ed, I shall give you a short account of myself," replied Tom. "You know the last year we were in college I was waiting on Ella Rogers. I thought she was a true woman and loved her with all the ardor of a Scotchman. She was to graduate the

next year after we did. I was determined that she should have the finest graduating present that had ever been given on any commencement day. Through my father's influence I obtained a good paying position. By hard work and rigid economy I saved enough to buy a diamond ring and handsome brooch. I went back to H——, but did not arrive until the evening be-

fore commencement. All the year I had been corresponding with Ella and every letter was full of love and trust. She knew I was working hard to purchase these things for her. They were to be called graduating presents. But the ring, between ourselves, was known to be the engagement ring.

"I went to her home as soon as I could after arriving in the town.

She met me at the door and gave me a very cordial welcome. I wanted her to accompany me to a concert that night. She excused herself on the plea of headache, and thought as the next day would be so trying she had better remain at home. I gave her the package containing my treasures and asked her to wear them the next day. I did not see Ella again until she was

on the stage in the opera house. My ring sparkled on her finger and the brooch looked handsome as it nestled among the laces at her throat, I did not wait to speak to her at the close of the exercises. I expected to call and see her that afternoon.

"When I went to my boarding place for dinner the lady of the house gave me a dainty note ad-

dressed by Ella's own hand. On opening the note I found it was an invitation to her wedding that evening at seven o'clock.

"You can, perhaps, imagine my feelings, Ed. I went to my room and remained there until time to take the evening train. In a few days I received a paper giving a glowing description of the wedding and the fine diamonds which

were worn by the bride. She married Sam Porter. You remember him. He had the name of being the richest man in all that section."

"But," replied Mr. Hamilton, "he had no character. She gave away an honest, true *man* for money. She has paid for all that deception ten times over since that night."

"I was so bitterly disappointed," continued Tom, "that I lost all

faith in women. I had planned to enter a law school, but I felt there was no inspiration now. I just kept on working for the old firm, and I never had an aim in life. All these years I have just set myself against any kind impressions from a woman. But there is something so different about Mrs. Hamilton. Some way she makes you feel so at ease in her presence, and you are

impressed with the true, pure nobility of her soul. Now, Ed, in speaking so highly of Mrs. Hamilton, I do not mean to in any way disparage you. I always did love you, and felt sure you were a true friend. I have met a great many men like you. But to find the same traits of character in a woman is something new in my experience. The atmosphere of your home is

different from any place I have ever been in. I am going to stay a few days and perhaps you and Mrs. Hamilton can drive away the loneliness that has taken possession of my heart all these years."

Mr. Hamilton replied: "I am glad you are so happy in our home, and that you like my wife so well. I told you she was the best woman in the world. We want to make our

little home a haven of rest to all our dear friends. We shall do our best to make you happy while you stay. But we must return to the church. We are to eat supper at half-past nine. It is almost that time now."

When the two men arrived at the dining room, both Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton's classes, Miss Adams, Milton Hendricks and a few old people had the room all to

themselves. And a jolly crowd they were. Mr. Hamilton had an opportunity to tell his wife Tom's new plans. This was good news to the little woman. The sweet expression which came into her face as she turned and said, "Mr. Huston, I am so glad you are going to stay with us," made Tom feel happy. He helped to entertain the company by relating some of his

own experience in such an amusing manner that he won all hearts.

As this was the last table to be served, Amelia was free the remaining part of the evening, and Mrs. Hamilton had no more care in the dining room. After they were through with supper Mr. Hamilton took Amelia, and Tom acted as escort for Mrs. Hamilton. Some time was spent by the two couples

talking and enjoying the company of other friends.

The two weeks which Tom had promised to spend with Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton passed rapidly and pleasantly. It was with real regret that he took his departure from the happy home. As Tom bade Ed good-by at the station he said: "If I can get off a few days at the holidays I am coming to have an-

other sweet rest in your home." This promise he was able to make good, and delighted Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton by coming into the city the evening before Christmas. But business would allow only three days of rest.

One morning in the month of March Mr. Hamilton received a letter from Tom. This did not surprise him, for letters from Tom

came very frequently since his two weeks' visit the preceding summer. But this message made Mr. Hamilton look very happy as he read it. Tom wanted to become a partner in the store with him. He expected to make his future home among the good people whom he had learned to love on his former visits. This was good news to Ed and his wife. By this arrangement

they would not lose a dear lady friend. They had feared for some months that Tom would take her from them the coming summer.

The new plans were soon arranged. Various changes were made in the store, and the business was somewhat enlarged by the addition of new departments.

The month of June came, bringing its usual crown of roses. On

commencement day at the college it was announced that Miss Adams would not hold her old position the coming year. This brought consternation to the hearts of some, as they felt so sure that Miss Adams would teach in the college for many years to come.

A few days after commencement almost the entire congregation of which Miss Adams was a member,

and all the students who had not gone to their homes, and the professors of the college, assembled in the handsome yard at Mr. Hamilton's home. Just as the clock struck two Tom Huston and Miss Adams came out of the parlor and stepped to the front of the veranda among a number of their most intimate friends who were standing there, and the pastor spoke the words

which made Tom and Amelia husband and wife.

When the express pulled into the station quite a crowd of people stood on the platform. The manly form of Tom seemed to assume a new dignity as he stood beside his wife and received the congratulations of their many friends. Mrs. Amelia Huston looked the very picture of happiness. She was

dressed in a neat and becoming traveling suit of dark navy blue, and held in her hand a handsome bouquet, the gift of her husband.

While this happy company waited on the platform a pair of eyes were watching through a broken place in the shutter which had been lowered to keep out the sun. The eyes were dimmed with tears. And no wonder. The manly form of

the handsome bridegroom presented a painful contrast to the half-drunken husband who sat at her side and slept. No diamond ring now sparkled on the calloused hand which caressed the deformed little child which sat on her knee. Nor was the shabby dress fastened at the throat with a diamond brooch. No. The jewelry had all been sold to purchase food and

clothing for Ella Rogers Porter and her husband. She trembled lest the wedding party should pass through the coach which she and her husband occupied on their way to the parlor car. She remembered Tom always rode in the parlor car when he had taken her on various trips during his college days. She knew he would not make an exception of this rule on his wedding

tour. She breathed a sigh of relief when Mr. Hamilton came up to Tom and handed him the tickets and checks, saying as he did so, "Your car is the third from this one. You have only five minutes in which to make it." Hearing this news the company moved toward the car. Tom and Amelia were comfortably seated when the conductor called out "All aboard."

Tom did not know that Ella was on the same train. But it would not have worried him. He had forgiven the girl who had so deeply wronged him. He had learned through the pure, true life of another woman to love all others.

Poor Ella had given up a true, pure, noble man for money, and she thus wrecked her own happiness for life, and for years had

made Tom Huston a miserable wanderer. But now he is a wanderer no longer. A happy, useful life is opening up before him. Ella will go through life carrying a heavy burden.

Amelia Adams married Tom for his true, manly character, and because she loved him. Together they could work and plan. In a few years they had the money also.

L. of C.

In the early part of September Mr. and Mrs. Huston returned to Chester. They purchased a neat little house near that of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.

Tom said: "You people must teach us how to have a home just like yours. There I became a new man. I want to help others to find this happiness."

How well he and his wife were

able to carry out this desire can be attested by the many lonely traveling men and other lonely ones who always found a sweet retreat from work and care in this happy home.

Tom always spoke of the time he first entered the home of Mr. Hamilton as his birthday. This anniversary was celcbrated by both families eating dinner at Mr. Hamilton's.

Mrs. Hamilton always re ceived a handsome present from Tom on that evening. He called it his tribute to womankind.

He said:

"A woman once took away all my aim in this life. But a woman gave it back to me. Through you, Mrs. Hamilton, I learned to love your sex. By this love taking possession of my being I was drawn

toward my precious wife, whose true, pure life is now my constant inspiration."

THE END.

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